

*The Historie of*

Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,  
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatans,  
Neuer did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,  
Receiue so many, and all willingly:  
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,  
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,  
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,  
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth  
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
Or you shall heare in such a kind from me,  
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,  
We licence your departure with your sonne,  
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

*Hot.* And if the diuell come and roare for them,  
I will not send them: I will after straight  
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*Nor.* What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,  
Heere comes your Vnckle.

*Hot.* Speake of *Mortimer*?  
Zounds I wil speake of him, and let my soule  
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:  
Yea on his part, Ile empty all these veines,  
And shed my deare blood, drop by drop i'th dust,  
But I wil lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,  
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,  
As this ingrate and cankered *Bullingbrooke*.

*Nor.* Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who strooke this heat vp after I was gone?

*Hot.* He wil forsooth haue all my prisoners,  
And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe  
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

*Henry the Fourth.*

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd  
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of bloud?

*Nor.* He was; I heard the Proclamation,  
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,  
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth  
Vpon his *Irish* expedition;

From whence he intercepted, did returne  
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the worlds wide-mouth,  
Liue scandaliz'd and foulie spoken off.

*Hot.* But soft I pray you, did King *Richard* then  
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,  
Heire to the Crowne?

*Nor.* He did, my selfe did heare it.

*Hot.* Nay then I cannot blame his coosin King,  
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.

But shall it be that you that set the Crowne  
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,  
And for his sake weare the detested blot  
Of murtherous subornation? shall it be  
That you a world of curses vndergoe,  
Being the agents, or base second meanes,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
O pardon if that I descend so low,

To shew the line and the predicament,  
Wherein you range vnder this subtile King.

Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,

Or fill vp Cronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power

Did gage them both in an vnjust behalfe,

(As both of you God pardon it haue done)

To put downe *Richard* that sweet louely Rose,

And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off

By him, for whom these shames ye vnder-went?

No.